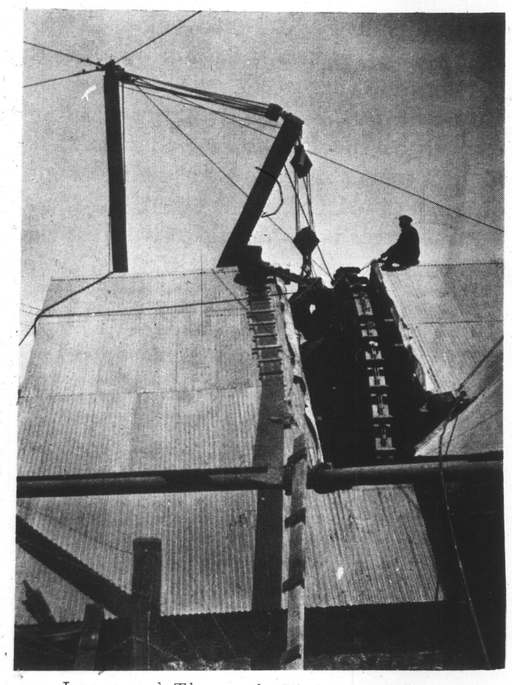
Nevada County Citizen

Vol. 1 No. 5 10¢ A Copy THE PAPER WITH THE PICTURES Nevada City, Wednesday November 11, 1959

ONLY PROMPT LOCAL ACTION AND $2,500 CAN SAVE IT

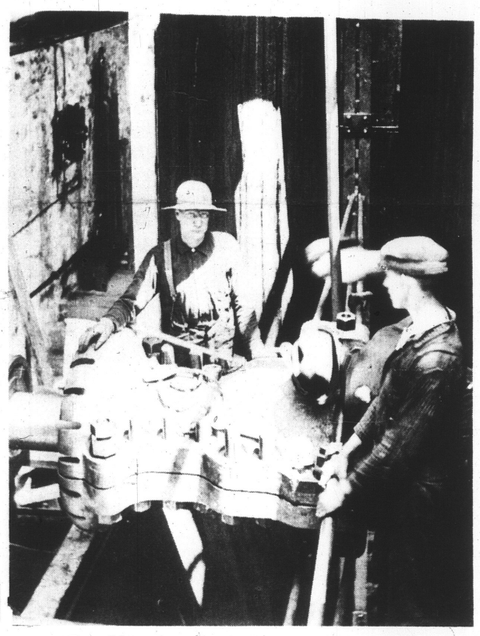
Largest Pelton Wheel About to be Scrapped

WHEEL GOES IN



Lowered Through Hole in Roof

SHAFT ANCHORED



By Unidentified Workmen

Part of North Star Mine Power Plant

Local efforts to save the giant North Star Mine Pelton wheel, slated for imminent destruction at the hands of a Gilroy salvage company, gained momentum this week.

But it was clear that if no arrangement could be made for its local purchase in the next few days, the Pelton wheel would be dismantled.

The wheel measures 24 feet in diameter and is one of the largest in the world, if not the largest. It was installed in 1897. Besides being a dramatic sight to behold, the wheel has great local significance Its inventor, Lester Pelton, was born in Camptonville and lived in Nevada City. His wheel, with its revolutionary divided cups, marked a significant step forward in mining technique.

Prime mover in the local attempt to keep the wheel in Nevada County has been Mrs. Phoebe Cartwright of Auburn Highway, who feels that the wheel is not only of great local interest, but could serve as a great tourist attraction. She adds, "Too much of the county's past is being hauled out every day, and it is time we made an effort to keep what belongs to us."

Mrs. Cartwright says many citizens have called her offering to donate toward the purchase of the wheel. Others have simply offered any help they might be able to give.

The main stumbling blocks to acquisition of the wheel are its price-reportedly to be in the neighborhood of $2500-and its weight and size, which would make moving it to an acceptable public location difficult and costly.

So far, no public agency or private individual has come up with an offer that would approach the reported asking price. Many are frankly skeptical that the wheel is worth $2500 as scrap. Estimates of its weight range from ten to fifty tons, depending on how much of the wheel, the huge flywheels which flank it, and the massive mountings are being included in the estimate.

Nevertheless, public officials on all sides urge that the wheel be kept in Nevada County. Grass Valley Mayor Arnold Thorsen suggestsa plaace could be set aside for it in the new 6/-acre Condon Tract Park, to be located near Gilmore Field on the Marysville Highway. "We have plenty of space out there," said

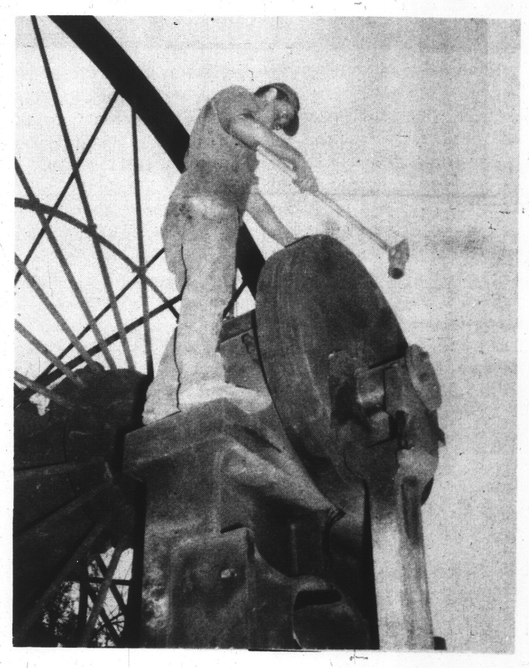
--See PELTON WHEEL, page 4

GOING, GOING, GOING



Twenty-Four Foot Pelton Wheel Awaits the Cutting Torch and Scrap Heap

DISMANTLING BEGINS



Workman Starts to Break Mountings

Money Already Coming in

Money has already started coming in for the purchase of the world's largest Pelton Wheel, now being destroyed along with the North Star Mine power plant building that housed it.

Mrs. Alice Parker of Brunswick Drive, Cedar Ridge, says she has already pledged one dollar for each year of Grass Valley's history toward the purchase of the wheel as a city historical monument. This comes to $112.

Mrs. Parker hopes enough others will follow her example that the wheel can be bought for the city before salvage workmen have reduced it to scrap metal.

The Grass Valley Chamber of Commerce may conduct a fund-raising drive in a last-ditch effort to save the wheel.

AN EDITORIAL

Veterans Day, Time for Remembrance and Rededication

Forty-one years ago today the guns stopped booming in France. An armistice had been declared. The war to end all wars was over and the world was eternally safe for Democracy.

To honor our more than 70,000 war dead and the glorious cause for which they laid down their lives, we declared this a holiday and called it Armistice Day.

For 364 days out of the year we would dedicate ourselves to looking forward to and working for a better future. On that one remaining day we would look back, remember our dead and rededicate ourselves to the proposition that they had not died in vain.

But within two years after we had made the world safe for Democracy, a left-wing dictatorship had taken over Russia. In less than 10 years a right-wing dictatorship was in power in Italy. In less than 15 years another rightest despot who preached a doctrine of hate, might and conquest ruled Germany.

Our glorious dream was turning to ashes before our eyes but we still observed Armistice Day with the same fervor, the same dedication and the same hope. A hope that was obviously against hope.

Twenty-three years and 26 days after we had ended war for all time, we were again a nation fighting, bleeding and sighing from the pains of our wounds.

This time we fought a new war to end all wars; a war that would see all the Earth's peoples guaranteed four basic freedoms: Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Worship, Freedom from Want and Freedom from Fear. This time 250,000 of our sons, fathers, brothers and friends did not live to hear the thunderous silence of peace decend upon the battlefield.

But now we were not quite so innocent as we had been in 1918 and we weren't surprised when we learned our efforts had not brought the four freedoms to all of the Earth's two billion residents.

And if we weren't prepared, neither were we very shocked in June, 1950 when again we again sent our youth out to die--this time for a dusty, distant peninsula many of us had never heard of and few of us knew anything about.

Now that World War II and Korea had come and gone, Armistice Day was no longer an adequate term for the 11th day of the 11th month of the year. So we decided to honor all those--the living as well as the dead--that had fought in all of our wars and it has become Veterans Day.

One thing hasn't changed in those 41 sometimes wonderful, sometimes terrible years that have passed since they laid down their arms in France--we are still determined that our dead have not died in vain.

And even in our most cynical moments, all of us must realize that they haven't. Except for Korea where we fought to a draw, we were on the winning side in the other wars and the men who died in each of them purchased with their blood the freedom of the far greater number of us who survived.

Anyone who was ever on a battlefield knows that not all these men who died were heroes; but all of them most certainly are dead. And whether willingly or not, they died for us.

Now it is for us, the living, to again dedicate ourselves to the proposition that these men shall be our last war dead. And idealistic slogans or theories have nothing to do with this dedication.

For if war comes again, there will be no Veterans Day to celebrate. Only Survivors Day.

NEVADA COUNTY CITIZEN AND CITIZEN-ADVERTISER

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EDITORIAL

Bombs or Cap Pistols?

The East-West nuclear disarmament talks are reopening at Geneva. The Sierra foothills are a long way from Geneva, but we prefer to think that the people here, as elsewhere, are not insensitive to the proceedings in Europe. The denizens of Red Dog, Alleghany, and Smartville are, after all, as much bound up with the fate of mankind as are the diplomats in the great cities of the world.

We hope for the best at Geneva, but we are not very confident of the results. Why?

--Because at the very time when negotiators of West and East are sitting down to discuss nuclear disarmament, one of the big three of the western side, General De Gaulle's France, is making feverish preparations to set off its first nuclear bomb in the Algerian desert. Russia has declared its intention not to detonate further bombs unless the western powers do so. If France sets off a bomb--and there is nothing to indicate she will not--she could easily undermine the Geneva talks.

--Because for all Khrushchev's proclaimed desire for "complete and total disarmament," Russia's approach to disarmament, and nuclear disarmament in particular, is still, it seems to us, being made on a propaganda level. There is little indication that Russia is ready to give up the grand gesture and attend to the small details which comprise the bulk of honest negotiation.

--Because in refusing to move toward some sort of realistic relationship with Red China, the United States is serving to rule out an effective nuclear disarmament agreement. What nation in the world would throw away its atomic bombs without assurance that China did not have some hidden up its sleeve? None would. None would be so foolish, least of all Russia. The U.S. cannot hope to come to an agreement at Geneva while it declines even to speak to Red China, except through the most difficult and roundabout channels.

So we look to Geneva with hope, but without much confidence. For man still toys with The Bomb as if it were a cap pistol, and waits to see if it will explode in his face.

THE BOY REPORTER

By DAVID TAIT Age 10

There have been two fires lately. Both have been forest fires. One on Highway 40 and the other on Highway 49.

The Highway which had its fire one mile away from Camptonville was on Highway 49. Six California government trucks went through Nevada City to fight the fire.

Even women were driving supply trucks to the fire volunteers. Such as food shovels, fire sprayers other supplies, etc.

A lot of very nice Christmas trees burned down.

Highway 40 was closed and the trucks and cars had to go through Nevada City and Grass Valley bumper-to-bumper until 11 o'clock at night.

On Halloween there were lots of evacuees around from Camptonville.

On Halloween night people saw lots of teen-agers putting the air out of tires.

The police were busy taking care of the evacuees, so they couldn't control the teen-agers.

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Letters To The Editor

Nevada County Citizen
Nevada City, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The article in your paper, accompanying my picture was very nice.

May I call your attention to a little misprint in the date of year I came to California, it was 1898 instead of 1892.

Thanking you,
Very truly yours,
Gertrude E. Blum

Dear Editor:

We received our tax bill and the explanation of where "the money goes".

I note .40 for the Hospital Fund. About one-third of the budgeted cost of the Hospital is collected and returned. This should reduce the reported cost of the Hospital but the money goes into the General Fund and is used by all the Departments.

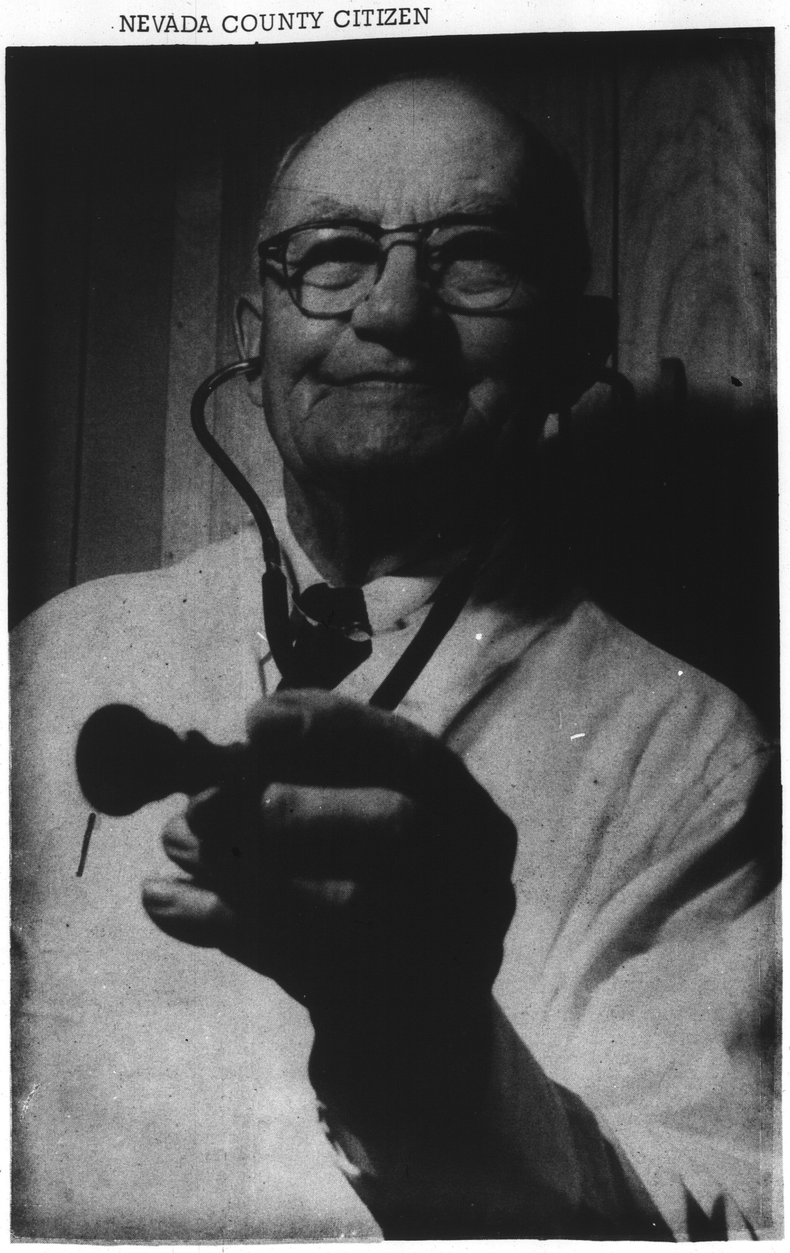
The taxpayer is left thinking the Hospital cost .40 of his basic $1.89.

Esther M. Hingston

THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

1098--Eric leifsen, a Norwegian sailor came back to his homeland to report that by sailing due west for month he had come across land of heavy vegetation and strange people with red skins.

The official Norwegian court psychiatrist, Dr. Sigmund Swensen, declared Leifsen insane and ordered him cast in the sea, thereby introducing the shock treatment to the field of mental therapy.



A Patient's Eye View of Oscar Lang, Family Doctor

THE CITIZEN OF THE WEEK

This has been a golden year for Dr. Oscar F. Lang.

During 1959 the Grass Valley general practicioner celebrated the 50th anniversaries of his graduation from Northwestern University College of Medicine, his start as a physician and his marriage.

During those 50 years Dr. Lang has traveled to Europe three times, South America once and around the world once. In between these peregrinations he managed to deliver enough babies to populate Nevada City with enough left over to fill the proposed San Francisco Hilton, father three sons and become a grandfather seven times.

Most 79-year-olds with a background like this would consider their life a full one and sit back to relax through the rest of it. But Dr. Lang has no such plans.

Instead of talking retirement, Dr. Lang is just getting used to new quarters in a medical center he and his dentist son, Dwight, recently finished on Auburn Street. Dr. Lang puffs with pride when he talks about the new building which he and his son share with two other physicians and a dentist and lets it be known that he's planning a long professional occupancy there.

A man who wears two hats, Dr. Lang can usually be found at the Sierra Nevada Memorial Hospital when he's not in his office. He is chief of staff there.

Other Skills

And his skills are not confined entirely to medicine. Nevada Countians who have no first hand knowledge of his healing abilities know Dr. Lang as an ardent bowler and a fine golfer.

He won't talk about his bowling, but his reputation at the Nevada County Country Club is such that even his natural modesty could not prevent him from admitting he usually travels 18 holes in 80 to 84 strokes.

This whirlwind who refuses to admit that nearly 80 years add up to old age got his start in life in Falls City, Nebraska, where he lived until moving to Grass Valley 20 years ago this month.

He got off to a fast start, not even waiting until he was through medical school before making contributions to the nation's welfare.

A yellowed clipping from the Chicago American, circa 1908, tells of how Oscar Lang, a senior at the Northwestern University College of Medicine and four other volunteers formed what was known as "the Northwestern Poison Squad" to test the effects of benzoate of soda on the human body.

At that time Dr. H.W. Wiley, a government chemist, and President Theodore Roosevelt were at loggerheads over how much of the food preservative the human system could absorb without ill effects. Teddy was for allowing the food industry a great deal of Benzoate; Dr. Wiley for restricting them to very small quantities.

The poison squads were formed at several of the nation's medical schools to test both theories through the simple but potentially dangerous method of eating foods containing various amounts of the chemical.

Oscar Lang, according to the Chicago American, nearly became a martyr to science in proving Dr. Wiley was right and the President wrong. The newspaper's report on the experiment says young Lang and one other member of the Northwestern squad collapsed from the effects of benzoate.

Dr. Lang says this made very interesting reading and undoubtedly helped the American sell papers--but 'twasn't so.

Felt Fine

"Actually I never felt better in my life," he says, recalling the great experiment of 51 years ago. "They did find that I had a slightly enlarged liver as a result of the test. But there were no other effects. I didn't collapse."

Big man that he was, adds Dr. Lang, redoubtable Teddy admitted his error and the amount of benzoate of soda used for food preservation has been strictly controlled in this country ever since.

One of the other members of the poison squad, incidentally, and a roommate of Dr. Lang's at Northwestern, was Dr. Herman Bundersen, author of a column on health that runs in many of the nation's newspapers.

After Dr. Lang finished medical school he returned to Falls City and started his career as a family doctor. This career was interrupted long enough for him to serve in the Army during World War I and he has maintained his association with the military ever since, presently holding a commission as a major in the Army Reserve.

Dr. Lang would probably still be delivering babies and swabbing sore throats in Falls City if his mother, brother, and sister had not moved to Beverley Hills. When you have relatives somewhere, you just have to visit them and the only way to visit Beverley Hills is to come to California.

"You know what they say about California," says Dr. Lang. "Three trips here and you're hooked.

"Well, after I'd made my quota of visits I was hooked.

"A doctor friend of mine who lived in Oakland--he's since died--suggested by mail that I might like Grass Valley."

His wife came in here to finish out the tale. "We came here," she said, "and saw the sign of the Landis Hospital and Clinic and decided this was for us."

New Cure

Dr. Lang believes he has brought to Grass Valley one thing that is offered nowhere else in the United States--an injection method of treating arthritis.

He says he learned the method, which involves the use of a drug called Iralgin, in Switzerland in 1952 and has been using it ever since except for a brief period when he was unable to get the drug.

The federal government, he says, frowns on the importation of foreign drugs and his only reliable method of obtaining the Swiss medicine has been to travel to Switzerland and carry quantities of it back into the United States.

So interested in the treatment of arthritis is Dr. Lang that he also journeyed to Germany once to visit a clinic near Hamburg that is considered by some--including Dr. Lang--as the world's finest treatment center for this crippling and painful disease.

Although he brought a good supply of Iraligin back with him from his round-the-world tour, Dr. Lang is doubtless already planning his next trip to Switzerland.

And his reasons are not altogether unselfish.

"if I had to leave California," he says, "I'd move to Switzerland."

He has another reason for looking forward to his next trip--rest.

Says his wife, "Whenever he tries to take any time off from work the phone always rings and it's always someone who needs the doctor.

"He just doesn't get any rest without running away. So every so often we just run away."

Fool's Gold

BY MAX NORRIS

Christmas comes but once a year while payday arrives 52 times during that span.

This startling bit of information is just another of The Citizen's free public services.

The one service this paper can't offer is a sure fire system on how you can save enough from those 52 paydays to cover the costs of that one Christmas.

But things could be worse. We could have 52 Christmases and one payday.

Enough sad thoughts for one week.

Horsepower Race

H.P. Davis, the Grand Old Man of the National Hotel and last week's Citizen of the Week, is known to his own family as "Horsepower".

According to an article Fortune magazine ran on the Davis family during World War II, this title was well-earned.

Members of the clan Davis--a group of eight siblings that included three authors, a government official, a major industrial figure and an army officer of some rank--told Fortune that H.P. was really the high-powered one of the brood.

And, although the machine has run up a lot of mileage, anyone who spends an afternoon with H.P. will know there's still plenty of horsepower remaining in "Horsepower".

H.P., incidentally, thinks Nevada County's gold-mining days are over and its future lies in its ability to attract tourists, artistic types and retired people.

For those who think this constitutes no future at all, I can only recommend a quick trip to the Monterey-Carmel area or Sausilito.

In case you didn't read about H.P. last week--the initials really stand for Harold Palmer.

Those of you fool enough to read this column may have planned a trip to San Francisco around an item printed here last week. If so, cancel the trip. Ella Fitzgerald was in the Bay City last week.

You'll just have to continue suffering through Ricky Nelson--a form of torture that Hitler at his worst would never have inflicted on the human race.

The delinquency rate among juveniles doesn't worry me as much as their frightening lack of taste. A well-aimed boot toe might help the former but only time can cure the latter. And I fear that I haven't that much time.

Overheard in Grass Valley: "Since I came to this town, there have been three pedestrians hit by cars that I know of. And all of them were standing in crosswalks at the time".

The person who said this, incidentally, is in favor of the city's recently-enacted jaywalking ordinance, but he just couldn't help being amused by the irony of events.

A Buck Misspent

Bob Paine does a bit of talking out of school about Stan Halls, the insurance man who takes movies as a hobby that are of the quality that Hollywood takes for money:

"Stan was making a film on the history of gold-mining in this area and he needed a shot of a man panning.

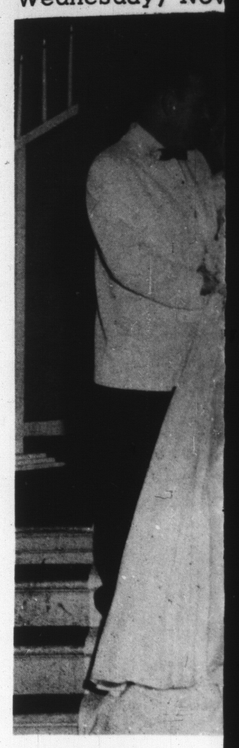
"So he got a guy to dress up like a 49er and drove off to a suitably remote stream on the edge of a woods and set up for the shot.

"Just as Stan started to film, a deer walked out of the woods and came up to the miner and started sniffing the pan as if it were filled with food.

"Stan quickly stopped the camera and went up and chased the deer away and started to shoot all over again. The best scene in the movie--and it was a good film--and he wrecked it."

Stan confirmed this and admits it still gives him occasional nightmares.

"As soon as I booted that deer in its most prominent target area and started back to the camera," post-mortems Halls, "I suddenly realized what I had done. You couldn't print the things I called myself."



MR. AND MRS.

Sylvia Bar... Milligan M...

November first wa... date chosen for the wed... of Sylvia Gloria Barbier... Ronald Lee Milligan of... vada City. The ceremo... took place at the Elks L... with Judge Verle Gray... forming the rites.

The bride was attende... Margaret Pello, ma... honor, and Sharon Pello... Emma Jean Collins... Marysville, bridesmaids...

The groom had as his... man Jack Woerner, Ne... City, and Bob Danos and... Miller, Marysville, ser... as ushers.

The bride was attired... gown of white satin w... sabrina neckline and... back, long sleeves w... buttoned cuff and a cl... length train. Her veil, r... by her new mother-in-... was of shoulder length... sion held by a crown of... pearls. Her bouquet w... white orchid surrounde... pink and white carna... with satin ribbons.

The maid of honor an... bridesmaids wore champ... colored satin, fashioned... low necklines, a tight b...

I Ca... The...

But I... Adore... That... Dahlin... Boy... Who... Deliver...

NOTE:... One of Th... Deliver to... See Op...

Social News

Margaret Abrahamson Society Editor



MR. AND MRS. RONALD LEE MILLIGAN

Photo by Barbara Snow

Sylvia Barbieri, Ronald Milligan Married Nov.1

November first was the date chosen for the wedding of Sylvia Gloria Barbieri and Ronald Lee Milligan of Nevada City. The ceremony took place at the Elks Lodge with Judge Verle Gray performing the rites.

The bride was attended by Margaret Pello, maid of honor, and Sharon Pello and Emma Jean Collins, of Marysville, bridesmaids.

The groom had as his best man Jack Woerner, Nevada City, and Bob Danos and Jim Miller, Marysville, served as ushers.

The bride was attired in a gown of white satin with a sabrina neckline and a V back, long sleeves with a buttoned cuff and a chapel length train. Her veil, made by her new mother-in-law, was of shoulder length illusion held by a crown of seed pearls. Her bouquet was a white orchid surrounded by pink and white carnations with satin ribbons.

The maid of honor and the bridesmaids wore champagne colored satin, fashioned with low necklines, a tight bodice and full skirts gathered in the back with a large bow of matching material. Their flowers were bouquets of red carnations with red satin bows, the maid of honor having a gold bow on hers.

The bride's sister was attired in a black sheath dress of raw silk with black accessories with white chrysanthemums for her flowers, while the groom's mother wore grey lace with lavender accessories and lavender chrysanthemums for her corsage.

A reception followed the ceremony and was served in buffet style with a wedding cake cut by the newlyweds.

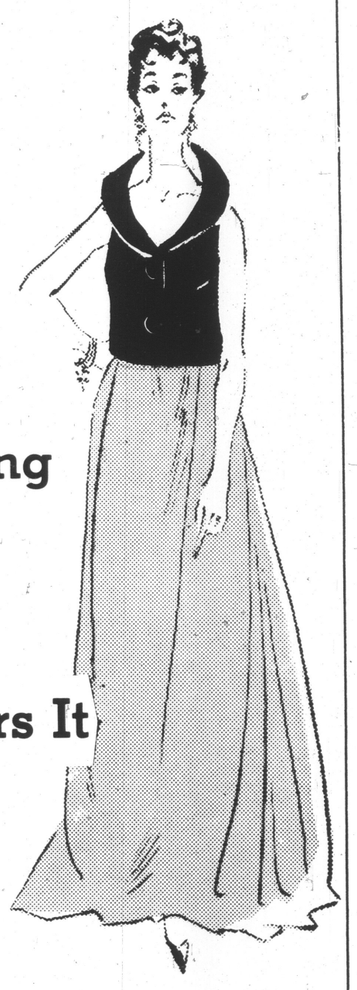
The new Mrs. Milligan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Barbieri of Marysville, where she attended Norte Dame High School, graduating in 1957.

The groom is the son of Mrs. Artis Evans of Chula Vista and attended Chula Vista High School graduating in 1950.

After a honeymoon in San Francisco and the Bay Area, the young couple will reside at 107 Sacramento Street.

I Can't Stand The CITIZEN

But I Adore That Dahling Boy Who Delivers It



NOTE: You Too Can Have One of These 'Dahling' Boys Deliver to Your Home.

See Opposite Page for Details

Potpourri

by Maggi

THOUGHTS on a cold Indian Summer Morn...The frost is now on the punkin and the leaves are beginning to be not so pretty, for they must be raked and burned, and that is too much work on a day like this...there are too many nice things to do...a ride in the country, but try not to think too much of the devastation of the fire up Camptonville way. Regardless, the deer are still as nosy as ever and the squirrels are busily preparing for a rough winter...We are beginning to have visions of Thanksgiving at our house...and that "oh, too soon" thought of Christmas coming our way.

The florists are showing gobs of elegant mums, the football fan's delight... the Alpha has bulbs for all the spring gardens...

Passes By

We don't have a clock in our office, but we have a tiny beige Rennault that buzzes by each morning at the same time...it's Bill McSims on his way to Gold Flat and Union Hill schools to conduct his daily music classes. Of course we have other people who come our way, Bob Paine to the post office...the mailman going on his route...the Alleghany mail truck...

The sky is blue as blue can be...at least on the day I wrote this...the air is no longer filled with huge flying beetles beating their way to the smoky hillside...time sort of stands still... except when we look in the shop windows...for the kids are staring with open mouths and wondering eyes at Santa's wares...samples put there for their choice...are you listening, mamas and papas?

Did you ever drive down Coyote Street and take a good look at Nevada City from the top of the hill? Slow down the next time, it looks just like a picture from a story-book...houses nestled in the trees, perched on the side of a hill, the leaves all different colors...I like it, don't you?

ORCHIDS to the military men who worked so hard at putting out or controlling the fires that plagued us over last weekend. And a special mention to the men of our towns who also were on call...a special bouquet to Harold Houser, principal of the Hennessy School who went forth with his first-aid kit after receiving an urgent call for his services.

Have an item that is really of interest to those who saw the issue of Oct.28th and the newly painted house in Bloomfield. Seems as though the house is the property of a retired Air Force man...who fell in love with the area. The wife of said property owner, John Mills by name, went deer hunting at Snow Tent and got her first buck...the first time out, no less. Marie Mills is an accountant at McClellan Air Force Base in Sacramento. Some people have all the luck...a home a dear, and a deer...

STRICTLY ENTRE' NEWS...Mr. and Mrs. Joe McClosky of Taco Joe's are the proudest grandparents in Grass Valley.. daughter Joanne Hentsch just presented them with a new grandson, named after his daddy, William Fredrick...Grandma McClosky is going to Covina to get her first view of the newly arrived...but will return in time to have a grand opening of her new Art and Needlework shop in Pioneer Village on November 16th. Don't forget that date!

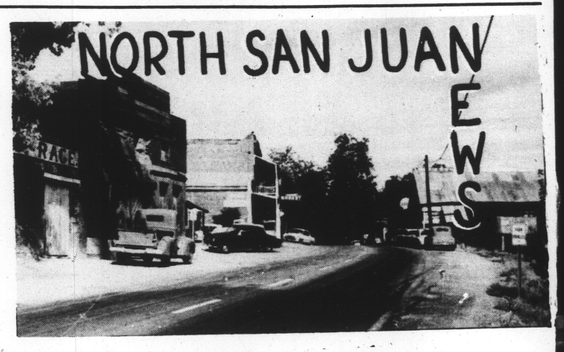
Miners Hospital assisted in bringing two little girls to Nevada City...October 30th, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Paul introduced Dianne Elizabeth, and on October 31st, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Foote presented Carol Susan.

Sierra Memorial Hospital assisted the stork when Mr. and Mrs. Howard Berriman of Grass Valley sailed in with a new son, Richard Eugene, on November 2nd. This proud papa is with the Coast Guard.

November 2nd was also the day that the Kenneth Roberts' presented their new daughter Deborah Ann. Her new home will be at 188 A, Squirrel Creek Road, Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Jensen of Nevada City became the parents of a son, Chris William on November 5th, also at Sierra Memorial.

We're running out of time...the paper must go to press...there's a lot of work to be done...time waits for no man, (or woman) so we go in silence to our chores ...and even if it takes all night we'll get the job done...



By DONNA MILHOUS

Phone AXtel 2-3207

As usual, Yours Truly was in the wrong place at the right time, when the big fire gave kiddies, as well as grownups, a Halloween to remember. Calvin, the four children and I were in Lindsay visiting my parents. This was a cleverly calculated dodge to insure that it will be their turn at Christmas time.

Much can be said of the fire For one thing, never in the history of local fires have the teenage girls shown such civic interest in our forests. One story that seemed to be overlooked. Had it not been for the crews of Sierra Mountain Mills and Addleman and Hahn, and the men of North San Juan many homes in Celestial Valley would have surely been ashes now. These "untrained civilians" managed to keep their heads when the fire had come to within feet of one home and, with the aid of bulldozers and backfires, succeeded in turning the flames. These men are getting pretty darned good at this business as they have been having a good deal of practice lately. They warmed up on the fire at the Dow Ranch the preceding day. Credit should be given to some of the wives in North San Juan as they, too, were out beating the flames at the Dow Ranch and you can't hardly find those kind no more.

Volunteers All

I might add that most of the men who fought fire at Celestial Valley and the Dow Ranch fire are members of the North San Juan Volunteer Fire Department. And in spite of the fact that these men have things to do other than sit around waiting for fires, they are more often than not at the scene of fires before anyone else.

Frank and Jim Addleman worked 32 hours straight on the cat at Pike. They had some narrow escapes when they and the caterpillar were surrounded by fire and just before they came back they found a boxer dog and black shepherd tied to a house. Apparently the owner had gone before the fire started anyway, they have the dogs at Frank's place if the owner wants them.

Sick of smoke, local men and the forest service quickly killed two fire at French Corral Tuesday night. One was in the garage of the Ord Geist home. The other was a grass fire near the Davis residence. It is believed that both are the work of an arsonist.

High winds were responsible for blowing an oak tree down on a cabin across the road from Al's corner last Friday afternoon. Telephone linemen quickly removed it. Fortunately no one was inside at the time.

Gertrude Atha is back from her "lookout" job at Grouse Ridge. Welcome home Gert.

Tyler resident Layton Key is recuperating in County Hospital from a kidney stone operation.

Mrs. Burles' car went off Highway 49 just below Charmain Reader's. It was stopped by brush and trees and no one was injured. Cliff Young was given the task of recovering it, but had a hard time since two tires were stolen before he got there.

Barbara Sauers is in the Sierra Memorial Hospital kidney complications. Barbara's on the Stork's list and we're all very happy for her and George.

Virgil Church is having to take real short breaths due to two broken ribs. He's in Miners Hospital but shouldn't be there too long.

Lori Trubschenk took a bus ride to Oakland over the weekend to visit the Jack Ward family of that city.

Cliff and Marie Young plan on taking in the Cow Palace show over this weekend. These animal lovers never found a trace of their lost dog but still have hope.

Ann and Doug Buckbee and the whole darned area gave Alvin Buckbee a real warm welcome when he returned home on a ten-day leave from the Navy in San Diego. Alvin pulled in Saturday afternoon and that night was out on the fire lines. Everyone is glad to see this very nice boy back in town.

November, Friday the 13, at 1:30 p.m., is the date for the North San Juan Parents Club's current fund raising project. This willbe a "Country Store" held at Babe's Hall. There will be baked goods, cream butter and eggs and all kinds of farm produce. Also there will be a rummage sale of clothing, furniture and just about anything you'd want. President Marie Young says, "the kitty is pretty low and the money is needed for the children's Christmas party and an evil little stack of bills."

Visit Parents

Mr. and Mrs. George White and their two children have been visiting Mrs. White's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fields.

H. W. Butler, of Camarillo, Ventura County, is staying the whole winter with his daughter, son-in-law and grandsons, the Clancy Green family.

Ray and Vi Smith were up from Daly City, to spend the weekend at their family home in French Corral.

Mary Lou Barker of Los Gatos has sold her acreage on Tyler Road to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Walfe of Sacramento. Walfe is a retired contractor and his wife is a retired registered nurse. They plan to build a rustic cottage soon and their hobby is landscaping so we can expect something beautiful to shape up.

A Halloween party Saturday night at the North San Juan school house was held in spite of the fire. Many of the adults, including wives and mothers, left in the middle of the party to help at Celestial Valley.

Pre-school prize winner for the prettiest costume was Pamela Ellsworth. Funniest was Cindy Buckbee's. Lower grade winners were Nora Selvester for the most unusual, and Walter Wittlesey for the funniest. Upper grade winners were Debbie Fellows for the prettiest and Bobbie Gooden for the funniest. The cool-ade was dry due to the lack of water on account of the power failure.



MR. AND MRS. DONALD HOVIE

Photo by Barbara Snow

Berna Hickok Marries Donald Hovie in G.V.

The Methodist Church in Grass Valley was the scene of the wedding of Berna Dean Hickok and Donald Hovie, October 31st. The Reverend Lester Lewis solemnized the nuptial rites.

The bride was given in marriage by her father Noah A. Hickok, and another daughter, Lynne, served as maid of honor. Buddy Woods was best man.

The bride was attired in a ballet length white bouffant gown with touches of lace at the neckline and on the bodice. Her veil was of illusion held by a tiara of orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of pink roses held by a white satin ribbon.

The maid of honor wore a pale blue sheath of taffeta with a matching overskirt. Her bouquet was a white orchid with white satin ribbons.

The bride's mother wore a white knit lace sheath with brown accessories and had a corsage of beige cymbidium orchids, a gift of the groom. The groom's mother was attired in a beige knit suit with brown accessories and had a corsage of yellow cymbidium orchids, also a gift of the groom.

following the ceremony the guests and the wedding party attended a reception held at the Hickok home where a buffet was served and the bride and groom cut a three tiered white and silver wedding cake.

The groom is the son of Mrs. Ellen Hovie of La Barr Meadows and attended Nevada Union High School, graduating with the class of 1955. He attended Sierra Junior College for two years and then joined the U.S. Forest Service and is currently working in the Downieville Forest Station.

The young couple spent their honeymoon on the coast and toured the redwood country.

Marie is Home

Marie Blakslee is home from the hospital on crutches. The children's father is going to take them to his home in Las Vegas till Marie gets back on her feet. She can't go home as yet because in her absence rats contaminated her well. She will be staying with a friend in Grass Valley.

The North San Juan Fire Department fire truck, though admittedly small and old takes credit for filling the much bigger and newer Civil Defense water trucks due to the fact that their pump was sucking mud as well as water. It has also been reported that one "government agency" from San Francisco wanted to know where they might find the nearest fire hydrant. I've also heard many other interesting things, however, I don't want to get sued.

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If you had:

A party...a baby ...awedding,
Went vacationing...or sledding,
Caught a plane...or the flu,
Safaried to far Timbuctu,
Shot a deer...caught a dear;
All of This we want to hear.
Don't keep it to yourself alone,
Get The Citizen on the phone.

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Grass Valley 126,

Or

Nevada City 126

Oroville Batters Fumbling Miners 38- 0 in Season's Last Game

1959 NEVADA UNION HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

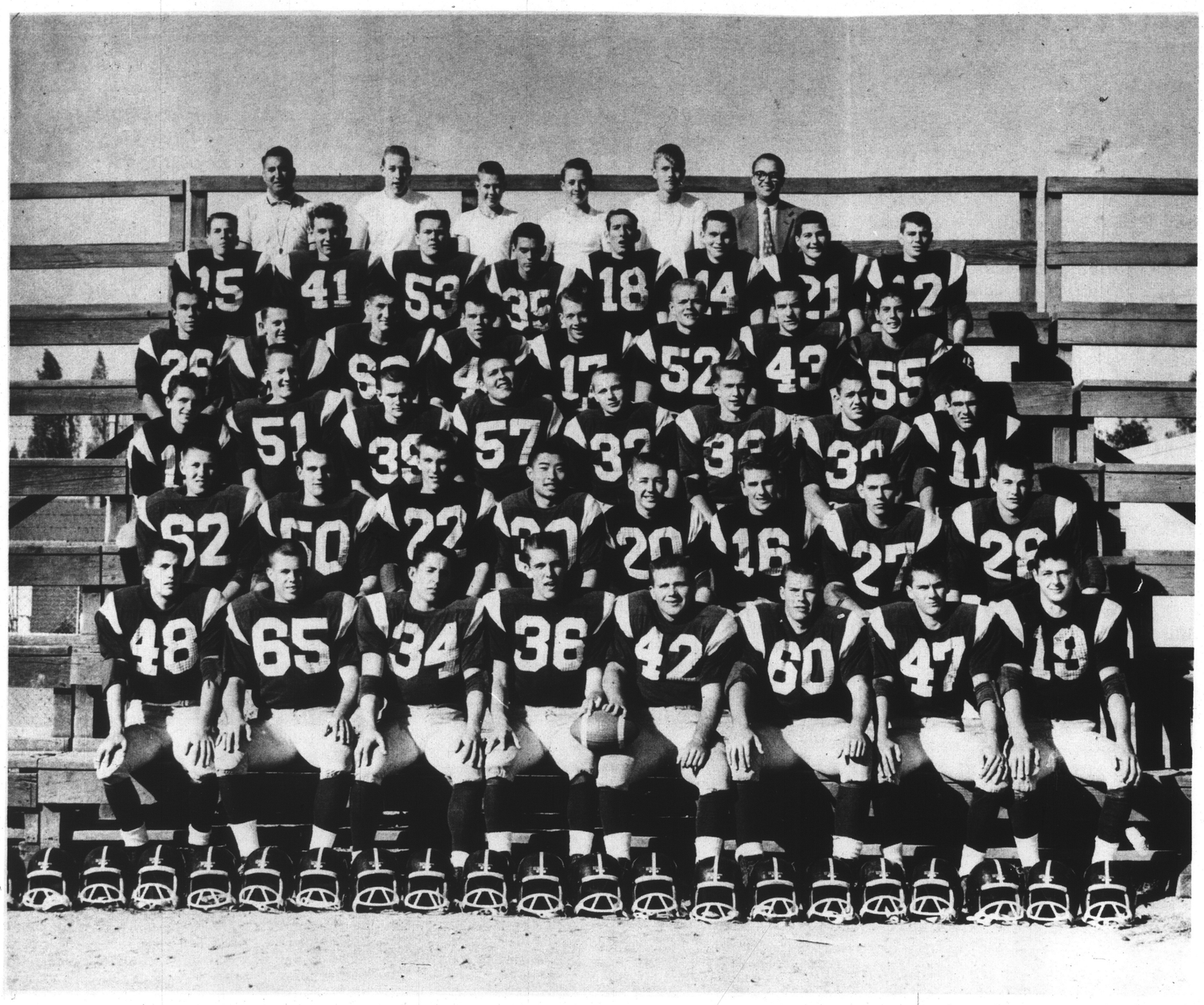


Photo by Barbara Snow

Left to right: First row, 48-Dale Bagley, 65-Don Barringer, 34-Marvin Paul, 36-Harold Cox, 42-Alan Hutsinpiller, 60-Frank Mellor, 47-Dick Cline, 19-Ken Crowder; Second row, 62-Gary Goerz, 50-Arvin Roberts, 22-King Lowe, 30-Roger Mock, 20-Dave Willis, 16-John Paye, 27-John Shadburne, 28-John Hodge; Third row, 13-Jack Hayes, 51-John Woods, 39-Don Wood, 57-Sam White, 32-Ray Rankin, 33-R. Gullickson, 38-Glenn Smith, 11-Bill Freitas; Fourth row, 26-Art Manchester, 31-L. Hafelfinger, 63-John Yates, 40-Gary Mann, 17-Rich Boehme, 52-Bob Hutson, 43-Gary Swinney, 55-Jack Yelton; Fifth row, 15-Jim Bagley, 41-Bill McClain, 53-Art Luper, 35-Mike Lemich, 18-Wally Castles, 14-Richard Ivie, 21-Mike Peregrine, 12-Rick Miller; Last row, Coach John Valentino, Managers Don Duncan, Jay Snider, Victor Engstrom and Allan Haley, Assistant Coach Jim Solberg.

JOHN PAYE WINS SFL RUSHING, SCORING TITLES

"It's just one of those things you can't explain," said Nevada Union High School Football Coach John Valentino after Orville battered the Miners 38-0 in the final game of the season for the locals.

"Placer beat Oroville 31-0 and they had a tough time against us (winning 24-20). And Yuba City, which looked so good against us, looked bad against Marysville which looked bad against us."

All of this might not constitute epic prose but does pretty well explain the football season which bowed out with the Miners taking their worst licking of the season from a team past records indicated they should have stomped.

In losing, the Miners evened up their season record at four wins and four defeats and closed the lid on Sierra Foothills League play with a 3-2 mark and possession of third place. Undefeated Placer High won the league championship and victorious Oroville moved past the Miners into second.

However, if the team won no titles, Miner halfback John Paye partially made up for this by nailing down two of them--the league rushing and scoring championships.

1,018 Yards

The slippery junior added 44 yards to his total Friday to give him 1,018 yards for the year. This is an average of just over 127 yards a game, a figure which puts Paye in the same class as the Cleveland Browns' great Jim Brown --even if not in the same league.

Like the Los Angeles Rams Sunday, the Miners were prey to an epidemic of fumblitis, loging the ball to the victorious Tigers six times in the course of a very black Friday.

Dave Willis tipped the Miner hand on the game's first play from scrimmage when he bobbled the pigskin on his own 26.

However, the NU defensive players fared better on their first effort then they did the rest of the night pushing the Tigers back to the 35 and forcing them to kick.

After stopping the Miner offensive unit, the Tigers took an NU punt on their own 48 and marched to the evenings first score with Nick Miles doing the honors from 11-yards out. Doug Post ran for the extra point.

Big Moment

The ensuing Tiger kickoff gave Miner fans their one big moment as Paye eluded the entire enemy team in a sprint that carried all the way. The first of what was to be a series of big disappointments for NU rooters followed when the apparent score was nullified by officials who insisted Paye had stepped out of bounds on the Tiger 40.

Just after his "touchdown" was voided, "hero" Paye became a goat as he fumbled the ball to Oroville on the Tiger 26.

The Tigers were held at bay until a pass was accidently tipped into the hands of the intended receiver by a Miner defender attempting to bat it down. The pass put the Tigers on the NU 11-yard line and it took them four plays to score from there with Miles again going over. The extra point pass try was unsuccessful and the score stood 13-0.

Two plays after the next kickoff, Paye again lost the ball--this time on his own 47. Four plays later Post rambled 28 yards for the touchdown and Miles ran the extra point to make it 20-0.

And that's the way it was when the half ended.

More of Same

If the Miners expected the Tigers to relax in the last half because of their substantial lead, hopes in this direction were shattered in short order as the big cats took the second half kickoff and plodded relentlessly down field in a 17 play, 80-yard march that consumed two-thirds of the third-stanza. Again a pass attempt for the extra point failed but the Tigers led 26-0 as the game entered the fourth period.

The boys from Oroville got their fifth touchdown on a 56-yard sojourn by Miles on the first play of the last stanza. Again the PAT try fizzled, but it was now 32-0 and even the shouting was over.

It was just anti-climax a few minutes later when NU quarterback Roger Mock was hit behind the line of dommage and the ball squirted out of his grasp to be caught on the Miner three by center Jim Davidson who stepped easily into the end zone to wrap up the scoring.

The Nuggets did nothing to make Valentino think things would be better next year as they were shutout 25-0 by the Oroville Kittens in the Jayvee game that preceded the varsity drag.

Season's Worst

The effort was undoubtedly the worst of the Autumn for the gold diggers, who violated the oldest rule in show business by not saving the best for the last.

An aggregation that has moved well all year, even if they sometimes halted themselves short of the goal line with inopportune infractions of the rules, the Miners were never able to mount a serious threat Friday. Their deepest penetration of enemy territory was to the 26.

And they came out as badly in the battle of statistics with the winners out-distancing them for the night 315 yards to 107.

The loss was especially disappointing considering the steady improvement shown by the squad after their defeat by Placer in the Sierra Foothills season opener. After that four-point loss, the Miners drubbed Marysville and edged Yuba City in a game that would have been won by a comfortable margin except for penalties--all deserved but still painful.

A win Friday would have left the Miners in second place in the league. And at game time few doubted the NU team would prevail over an Oroville team that Placer had tromped early in the season.

But, if disappointed with their final game, Coach Valentino was not down on his team.

"They did a good job," he said after the game. "They're a good bunch of boys."

—Pelton Wheel

Continued from page 1

Thorsen. "The wheel would be a fine thing for the kids, and we want that park to be for the kids."

However, Thorsen was doubtful city funds could be made available. "We have too many other things to pay for," he said.

City Councilman John Hodge suggested the wheel could be set up on the stream that runs through the Condon Tract and made to operate, thus becoming a dramatic and informative exhibit of the county's past.

Chamber of Commerce President, Leonard Prisk Jr., has been looking into some of the problems connected with acquiring the wheel. He also would like to see it saved, but sees no easy and quick solution. And that is what is needed.

According to workmen now blasting away at the North Star Mine power plant, where the wheel is located, their boss, Joe Perucca of the Machinery Salvage Company of Gilroy, intends to dismantle the wheel this week if no acceptable sale can be negotiated. He will then either sell it for scrap or install it at a resort he operates between Gilroy and Morgan Hill. The name of his resort is Oakdale Park.

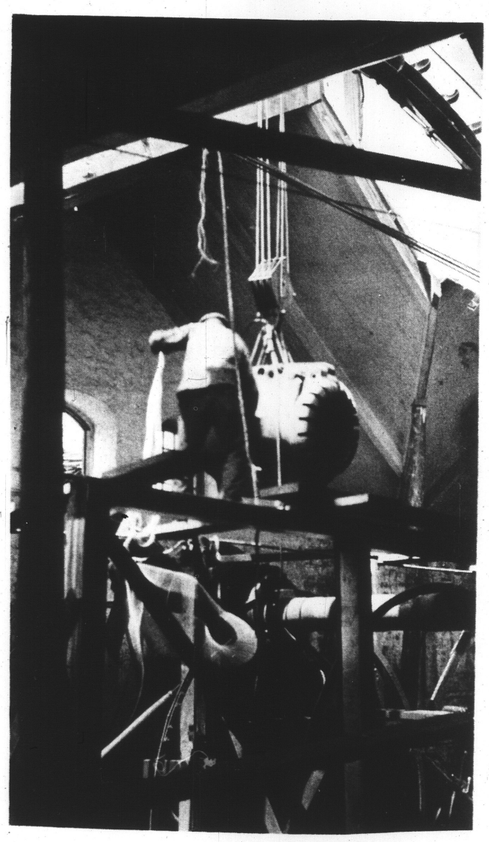
Dr. Elbridge J. Best, President of the Nevada County Historical Society, expressed doubt that the giant North Star wheel is of "real historical interest." He said, "It is not a typical Pelton wheel. Its main significance is an innovation of Mr. Foote (Arthur B. Foote of Grass Valley), who mounted the wheel on a compressor which was used to pump out the mines."

But many Nevada County historians would disagree with Dr. Best. One is Sven Skaar, noted historian of Nevada City, who told The Citizen, "The wheel is a magnificent monument to Nevada County's past and should definitely be preserved as such."

One thing is certain. Local interest in the wheel has mounted steadily since its sale at the recent Empire Mine auction, and workmen at the scene report a growing stream of visitors has come to inspect it since its housing burned down two weeks ago and revealed it to view. It is located at the end of Mill Street in Grass Valley, past the McCourtney Road turnoff.

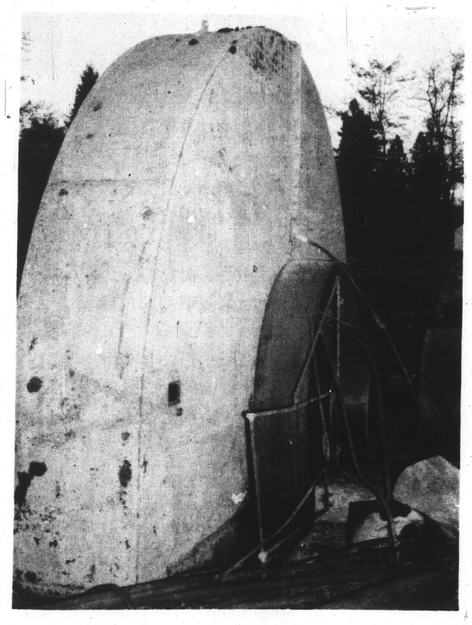
Meanwhile, time is running out, and if the community does not mobilize to save the wheel immediately, there will be an old story to tell: too little and too late.

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And Attached to Wheel Shaft

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New Owner
The Boyt-Litho job pr ing shop at Cedar Ridge a new owner this week. is M. E. Nicoson, who l in this area for four yea the 1940's and always wa to return. "The next t they get me away from h they're going to have to c me out in a pine box," N son commented.
Virgil Boyt, former ow and founder of the firm going to devote his tim mining. He is superinten of the Nevada City Gold M ing Co., which is opera the Depot Hill Placer Min Camptonville, Yuba Cou

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Virgil Boyt, former owner and founder of the firm, is going to devote his time to mining. He is superintendent of the Nevada City Gold Mining Co., which is operating the Depot Hill Placer Mine at Camptonville, Yuba County.

A WINTER OF RELIEF WORK



This relief map showing the major gold veins in the Nevada City area and the mining operations they fostered, took historian H.P. Davis all last winter to make. The map is built up from 6,000 pieces of cardboard. Now in the window of the Nevada City Liquor Store on Broad Street, the map is surrounded by part of Davis' extensive mineral collection and photographs, drawings and maps of early mining operations around Nevada City.

NEW RESTAURANT AND STAFF



Nevada County's latest dining spot is the Victorian Room in the National Hotel in Nevada City. Managed by Hal and Betty Almquist, who also operate the Branding Iron Cafe in Nevada City, the Victorian Room opened for business a week ago Saturday. Monday the restaurant began serving lunches in addition to dinners. Shown here are Betty Almquist and the starting staff of waiters, left to right, Tony Rossich, Les Wilson and Henry Turcato. Business has been so good that another waiter, Gordon Wahl, has since been added to the staff. The Victorian Room is closed Wednesdays.

PIKE--A.D.1854 -A.D. 1959

Obituary for a Community

Although there were no lives lost and no serious injuries recorded in the series of forest fires that blackened thousands of acres of timberland in Yuba, Sierra, El Dorado counties the week before last, the fires were not without their casualties.

Federal and state forestry men estimate the toll among wildlife ran into the thousands with more animals and birds doomed to die because the flames killed their food supply

Timber losses have been placed as high as $13 million for the four flaming days that saw more prime forest land burned than had been lost in the entire state during the rest of the year.

But for the sentimentalists, the biggest loss was the tiny Sierra County community of Pike.

The forest land will eventually grow back--although it will take several years--and the wildlife population will increase as the food supply returns, but Pike is apparently relegated to an obscure spot in history; another tombstone in the West's graveyard of dead towns.

Of the collection of buildings that were Pike before the Mountain Home fire burned 16,415 acres of Yuba and Sierra counties, only five remain and just two of these are occupied.

Lost in the holocaust were five homes, a school house and nine other buildings.

Owners of the burned buildings have indicated they will not rebuild.

For Pike this means the end of a long road that has gone mostly downward.

Founded in 1854 when it bore the name Fiddletown, it became a busy and prosperous timber and mining community that some 600 people called home.

Changing its name when it was learned that another California town had already claimed "Fiddletown", Pike was doing well enough in the latter part of the 19th century to support 11 saloons.

Then the mines began to play out and the timberlands were denuded by lumbermen who, following the accepted practices of the day, stripped the forests of trees and moved on to still virgin stands somewhere else.

With its two primary sources of income gone, Pike slowly withered and the saloons closed one-by-one until the little town reached the state it was in on October 31st when fire was spotted at two in the morning near Goodyear's Bar.

The next day firefighters had to concede defeat in their battle to save Pike as winds that sometimes reached gale force pushed the flames into the tiny hamlet.

Gone with five of the town's seven homes was the Alaska Mine, which Gilman Low had been operating in partnership with Michael Salonich. The men don't know whether they'll reopen the mine, but the prospects look dim.

Saved was the tiny structure that housed the Pike High

--See PIKE, Page 4A

Stumpf Handles Stinking Assignment With a Most Odoriferous Report

By SIDNEY STUMPF

Weather and Odd Phenomena Editor

EASTRED, NEW JERSEY--Television is fast proving to be the greatest educational medium in history, even if it has attracted some people away from books and driven others back to them.

To prove my point, who knew until they saw that commercial about the little A's and the little B's struggling to get out of the stomach and into the blood stream that the human digestive tract is constructed exactly like a flush W.C.?

Or what about the great public service performed by that other headache remedy maker whose "scientific proof" showed the video-viewer that inside his skull hides a hammer and anvil mechanism that is the true cause of the pains of a headache.

Those indecent and complicated drawings in "Grays Anatomy" are put there by the medical profession to hoodwink the public into believing the practice of medicine is infinitly more complicated than it actually is.

It's all part of a master plot to keep the plumbers of the world from moving out of the bathroom and the kitchen and into the operating room.

But I am straying from the subject of this week's investigation.

As you may remember, dear reader, last time I journeyed to Salem-Winston, North Carolina, to talk to Hillman J. Stertz, research director for the Snarlboro Company, to find out why all Snarlboro smokers are tattooed.

This week my investigation involves something a little less aromatic than tobacco, but it does involve another member of the Stertz family--the researchingest group of people on this planet.

Hillman J. Stertz' half-brother Dr. Filbert E. (he comes from the nutty half of the family), is director of research and development for the Brittle-Mires Company here, maker of the drop-on deodorant, Ran.

Unlike the delightful Hillman, Dr. Filbert E. does not use big or obscure words. This sad fact messed up the conversation between us, which is printed below in its entirety:

Stumpf: "Dr. Stertz I believe?"

Stertz: "You was expecting Mrs. Nussbaum? Dat's a joke me half-brudder Hillman had left over from da Fred Allen show".

Stumpf: "At The Citizen, Dr. Stertz, progress is our most important product, and I got that line last week from your half-brudder--I mean 'brother', so let's progress to this week. Let's talk about the new drip-on deodorant, Ran, containing wonder-working hexachlorophyl and and the super-secret ingredient, Crackerjack."

Stertz: "So who are you makin wid all da questions, Estes KeFauver or somebody?"

Stumpf: "Just a prize-winning reporter our doing his job, Dr. Stertz. And my job this week revolves around the latest Ran television commercial."

Stertz: "You mean da one wid the muscle man and da stone broad?"

Stumpf: "Please, Dr. Stertz, watch your language. The Citizen is a family newspaper you know."

Stertz: "I'm sorry. I mean da stone chick."

Stumpf: "Yes, that's the one. In that most illuminating and scientifically sound contribution of big business to educational television, your announcer says, and I quote: 'For over 2,000 years man has been searching for a way of halting offensive underarm odors.' How did you and the people here in the Ran Division of the Brittle-Mires Company succeed where so many others have failed?"

Stertz: "Speakin of dat announcer, ain't he got a great voice? He woiked as a doorman at a classy undertakin establishment until he discovered he was allergic to lillies. I want to lie down and fold me hands over me chest each time I hear him talk."

Stumpf: "That's all very fine, Dr. Stertz, but I'm still trying to find out how Ran works."

Stertz: "It works--I mean woiks--fine. You seen da way dey use it on dem statues of African Diaper and the Dish Thrower on television. And dey ain't never had B. O since we started using it on dem".

Stumpf: "Don't you mean Aphrodite and the Discus Thrower?"

Stertz: "Maybeso. I know a lot of Greeks and dey all got funny names."

Stumpf: "But their names are beside the point--why would a statue need a deodorant in the first place?"

Stertz: "I'm surprised wid you Stumpf, asking that question. Dey ain't had a bath in over 2,000 years and anybody what hates soap and water dat much sure needs a good deodorant.

Stumpf: "A point well made, Dr. Stertz, I'll take it up with the directors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. But how does your product work on people?"

Stertz: "It don't. Us world-renowned scientists is still trying to figger a way to keep people from being da stinkers dey are. But we just can't find a way to keep dem from PREE-spirin."

Stumpf: "PREE-spirin?"

Stertz: "Sweat to you, Mr. Stumpf."

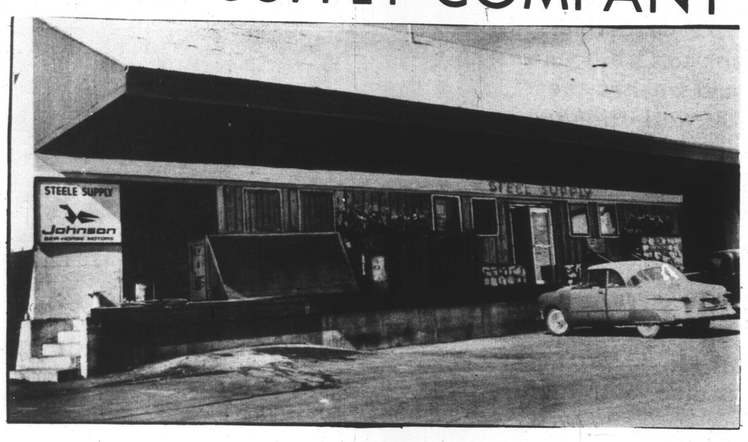
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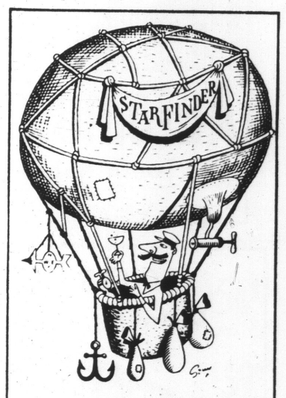
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MYSTERIOUS MINE SHAFT, STRANGE SNAKE AND ODD S

Has Irving Blake Found Emperor Montezuma's F

BUT PLEASANT VALLEY MAN'S THEORY HAS PL

IS GOLD STORAGE ROOM BENEATH THIS CAVE-IN?



Blake Surveys Spot Where Land Caved-in During Night Five Years Ago

Was Nevada County the site of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola?

Although there is a surfeit of evidence that it wasn't, Irving J. Blake of Pleasant Valley is sure this was the home of the mining centers that filled the coffers of Montezuma II with gold.

Blake is also convinced that at least one of the seven cities was on the land he now owns and he avows he would not be surprised if he uncovered huge stocks of ingots one of these days.

Blake bases his assumption on two pieces of stone and a tunnel he says he discovered 10 years ago. Also thrown in to fortify his conclusions are a mysterious cave-in and the reputed killing of a strange variety of pit-viper--he believes it was a fer-de-lance.

Not in a Hurry

Now in his early 70s, it is evident that Blake is not a man in a hurry. Although he decided 10 years ago that he had bought a fortune when he took title to his Pleasant Valley property, he is just now getting around to looking for it.

"I plan to start digging for that old tunnel any day now," he said last week as he pointed out the place where he said he had run upon the mysterious undergound works a decade ago while digging a 50 foot exploratory shaft.

He's waited so long, he says, because: "I was in the ice cream business in Sacramento when I discovered this and was only coming out here on weekends and didn't have time to explore the tunnel.

"Also it was filled with water and there was no electricity here at the time and I didn't have any way of pumping the water out. Also, if you want to know the truth, I didn't have the money to go ahead."

Now, he continues, he has power, time and money.

The tunnel, according to Blake, was actually found by Jack Bledsoe, who was working for Blake at the time.

Rich Mining Area

"This land of mine," Blake relates as background for his tale of discovery, "is a rich mineralogical area and was the scene of extensive placer operations conducted by a group of Southerners back in the Gold Rush days."

Evidences of these operations are everywhere in placer runs and ledges.

"The Southerners," he continues, "didn't get into quartz mining because they were only interested in the easy placer gold at the time. They would have gotten into quartz mining if they had stayed but the Civil War broke out before they had depleted the placer gold and they abandoned this field and the town they had built here, Pleasant Valley Camp, and went back home to fight for the South. They never returned.

"Well, I have been fooling around prospecting for most of my life and I figured there must be some high grade quartz deposits on this land somewhere. So I'd make exploratory slashes with the bulldozer and sink an occasional shaft hoping to uncover some high grade."

'This Shaft is Hollow'

"Bledsoe and the boys were sinking a shaft near this promising-looking outcropping of quartz when Bledsoe called up to say 'This shaft is hollow.'

"I told him it couldn't be, but he insisted it was and I went down and sure enough our shaft had opened into a tunnel.

"The tunnel was filled almost to the top with water and the water, the sides and the ceiling were covered with about an inch of vertigris (green scum). I took off my clothes and went into the tunnel, but I only had a torch and knew this could be dangerous, so I stopped after going about 15 feet and came back."

Blake says the tunnel was about five-and-a-half feet high and no amount of looking ever disclosed any sign of end of it or of the dirt that was removed from the tunnel in digging it.

Since he couldn't find the end of the tunnel to drain it and didn't have the means to pump it, Blake said he had the shaft filled up and the mysterious tunnel was forgotten for a time.

Then, Blake continues, his son, Don, was making a few swipes across a small meadow with the bulldozer when he uncovered a couple of stones "that were smooth on one side and a little rough on the other and looked like headstones.

"I took these stones back to the house with me," says Blake, "and washed them off. One side was like well-finished marble while the other side had funny indentations on it that looked like earthworm tracks and went every which way."

Mayan Writing?

Blake theorized this was Mayan writing and these might have been a couple of their sacred ceremonial stones. He says he laid the stones on the ground beside his house and they have since disappeared.

About five years ago, he says, his son was again out with the bulldozer making swipes near the area where the tunnel entrance had been discovered.

"He made a couple of good swipes with the blade and I told him to stop for the night," says Blake.

"I came back the next day and there had been a cave-in below this spot that measured about 50 feet one way and 25 feet the other. I decided there must have been a stope (underground storage room) directly under this spot that was weakened by the weight of the caterpillar and collapsed.

"Now I ask you, who would dig an underground storage room if they didn't have something to store in it?"

Blake's theory is that this was one of the mines that supplied gold for Montezuma and the Mayan Indians and that when Montezuma finally became convinced that Hernando Cortez and his Spanish Conquistadores were little more than a bunch of avaricious fortune-seekers, the Indian emperor sent much of his remaining gold back to the mines and had the workers close up the shafts and camoflage the openings.

"When Cortez asked Montezuma where his gold came from," relates Blake, turning to history, "he said 'the Seven Cities of Cibola' and pointed north. Well, the Spanish looked everywhere,

MAN WITH A THEORY



Prospector Irving Blake

SHAFT SUNK HERE



Ran Into Old Tunnel

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Davis says fire damag during the first decade of N vada City's history totali $2,250,000. But, he add after each fire the commu ity rebuilt, erecting bigge more substantial, more e pensive structures each tim

In the 1863 conflagrati records show, destroyed seriously damaged the Co House and county jail, t Bailey, National Exchang St. Louis, New York a Hotel de Paris hotels, t Catholic, Methodist, Epi copal and Presbyteri churches, the Odd Fello Hall and the Metropolit Theater.

Fortunately, we have eye-witness account of t great fire.

Joseph English, then 2 years-old and employe of o of the town's banks, was sta ing at the National Hotel November 8, 1863 and he corded what he saw that o and during the follow week in a diary that has be

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SNAKE AND ODD STONES LEAD HIM TO THINK SO

ezuma's Fabled Seven Golden Cities of Cibola?

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including Kansas and Colorado for these cities but never found them. I think they were here. After all, if you want gold you go where the gold is--and this is where the gold is."

Killed Strange Snake

To further support his conclusions, Blake tells of killing a snake on his property that he later tentatively identified as a fer-de-lance, a member of the same general family as the rattlesnake that is native to Central America. "I think maybe the Mayas brought them up with them since they seemed to worship the sun and snakes."

The weight against Irv Blake's interesting theories is considerable.

Montezuma II, for instance, was an Aztec, a warlike group that had displaced the Mayan civilization in Mexico before the arrival of the Conquistadores in 1519.

The Aztecs were great stonemasons, as were the Mayas before them, and always built at least one imposing masonry structure (usually for religious purposes) wherever they colonized. There are no traces of Aztec or Mayan masonry any closer than Aztec, New Mexico.

The Aztec empire that Montezuma II headed at the time of Cortez was actually not an empire but a loosely-bound federation of peoples who paid tribute to the Empire but were largely self-governed. What little actual power Montezuma had outside of his own immediate domain vanished after he was taken prisoner by Cortez. His own people stopped taking orders from him. In the end, it was subjects who turned on Montezuma and killed him. It is doubtful, in view of this, that Aztecs over 3,000 miles away would have obeyed any orders to return to its source the gold they had worked so hard to dig, and hide it forever.

Also, the symbol-writing used by both the Mayans and the Aztecs was raised not indented as were the markings on the two stones he says he found.

But, all these things aside, Irv Blake says he's found a mysterious tunnel beneath his land and he's finally ready to explore it.

The odds are at least 100-t0-1 that what he finds when he gets there won't be either Aztec or Mayan in orgin, but it should prove interesting.

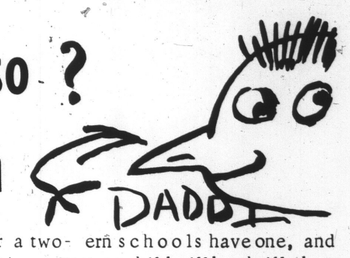
And it might even prove profitable.

CATERPILLAR UNCOVERED



Two Strange Stones Here

Not Enough Dough for a Picasso? Get Married and Have Children



By DONNA MILHOUS

Are you getting tired of the pictures on your walls? Chances are, if you have something like "The End of the Trail", you're not only tired ot it, you're sick of it.

Any modern household needs really good modern art to prove to your friends and neighbors that you're a real sharp cookie and in the know.

For this article, I will use the term "Modern". There are other terms: "Impressionistic, Abstract, Surealistic." I have never been able to distinguish between them and I bet you can't either, so we'll lump them all together.

Since the extinction of the ancient Incas, the only people who have been able to produce anything of worth are the late and modern day geniuses, a few do-it-yourself-artists, an occasional chimpanzie, and last but not least six-year-old children.

Unless your're a millionaire, your chances of aquiring the work of a genius are pertty slim (perhaps you go in for larceny?)

As a do-it-yourself dabbler, I must confess that for the most part, our work is pretty inferior. Too many inhibitions. Realism keeps creeping into the picture and critics are hard put to tell if our paintings are modern or just bad.

If you decide to take a stab at it yourself, a dry martini or two may help with the inhibitions, but the painting may look like a hangover.

As for buying a painting from a do-it-yourself artist, they usually want as much as the genius does. (All we really want, is for you to praise our work and say that it's as good as any Picasso.

it's as good as any Piccasso. Do that enough and we'll get to where we really love you, but we won't give you the picture).

Due to a very unfortunate situation, you probably won't be able to purchase a chimp that can paint. Most of the good ones are owned by coffee house managers in the North Beach area who have whole strings of painting chimps stashed away in barred studios.

By process of elimination, we're down to the six-year-old. He is what you're going to have to rely on. So if you have one be thankful. (If you have a large family, you will have enough pictures to give away for Christmas presents, saving yourself a lot of money.

A note of caution: don't, under any circumstances, buy paints for a five-year-old, even if he's interested. if you buy paints for him at this age, he wouldn't produce anything you'd want to hang. And by the time he hit six, he'd probably be begging for clay or a two-wheeler. The best thing you can do with a five-year old is to keep promising paints for his next birthday.

When he reaches six, buy him a good set of paints right off, as his first pictures will probably be his best.

The very best pictures are produced by the six-year olds who are emotionally disturbed

This is where you come in.

Frankly I've had the most success by staging fights with



the child's father, while my son was painting. (Sometimes these fights were spontaneous). But you know best what will disturb your child most.

Better prepare for some criticism from jealous friends and relatives. Maybe you can placate them with promises of pictures. Also explain that after you get your walls covered, you will take him to the school psychologist and get him straightened out. Most modern schools have one, and your child will be thrilled at the opportunity to go, as it is the mark of distinction days.

Should his school not have a psychologist, you will have to take him to a private one. (which is really distinctive), but you will still be money ahead.

Now if you have a slow child, he may not hit his stride until he's seven or eight. You will just have to be patient.

Don't try to judge his artistic potential by his reading ability. Being unable to read is sometimes caused by a mental block and you may be luckier than you thought.

The only advice to give your child on the subject of painting is: Don't paint any eyeballs in the pictures. However, there is nothing amiss in having noses or an occasional ear lobe floating around.

That's all I can tell you. the rest is up to you and Junior.

Happy painting.

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Most Destructive Nevada City Fire Was 96 Years Ago Last Sunday

The forest fire that raged through parts of Sierra and counties a week ago started just eight days short of the 96th anniversary of the last and most destructive of the eight major fires that swept through Nevada City in the first 14 years of its existance.

According to H.P. Davis, who has been compiling the history of Nevada County for over 20 years, this fire of November 8, 1863, destroyed about 250 buildings valued at an estimated $550,000.

Davis says fire damage during the first decade of Nevada City's history totalled $2,250,000. But, he adds, after each fire the community rebuilt, erecting bigger, more substantial, more expensive structures each time.

In the 1863 conflagration, records show, destroyed or seriously damaged the Court House and county jail, the Bailey, National Exchange, St. Louis, New York and Hotel de Paris hotels, the Catholic, Methodist, Episcopal and Presbyterian churches, the Odd Fellows Hall and the Metropolitan Theater.

Fortunately, we have an eye-witness account of that great fire.

Joseph English, then 20-years-old and employe of one of the town's banks, was staying at the National Hotel on November 8, 1863 and he recorded what he saw that day and during the following week in a diary that has been preserved to this day by his daughter, Mrs. E.T. Williams of Kelseyville in Lake County.

English's account of the fire and its aftermath is printed here, exactly as it appeared in his diary:

"Sunday, Nov. 8, 1863

After getting breakfast, started for church, where I remained until about 11 1/2 A.M. when the alarm of fire was given all rushed out of church. When we reached the street, sure enough, there was fire indeed!

It commenced on Broad Street just above Pine and spread rapidly in every direction. The whole business part of the town was soon in flames, and the greatest exertion had to be made to keep the fire from spreading over the hills. After helping some time on Broad street I came down to the office and changed clothes, leaving my watch on my bed and went back to the scene of the conflagration. Soon returned, however by way of ladder on the back buildings. Found that our roof was on fire 3 or 4 places, and having put them out began to think we were all right when the roof of Lancaster's stable broke out in a blaze and I had to retreat. As soon as possible I then went round front and found Uncle Henry, assisted by Mr. Waite, the two Goodman and several others carrying out everything they could get their hands on over to Whartenby's building which they thought would stand the fire. We all had to leave shortly and retreat up the hill.

After the fire had somewhat abated, we went back to our building, and opening the doors got most of our things out and saved them. All I lost was two caps and a suit of clothes. I was very sick in the evening. Uncle Henry's losses about $600. We are now staying at Goodman's until further order."

"Nov. 9, '63.

What remains of the town today is all in confusion. Everyone is looking after their own, and Wells, Fargo. & Co., Birdseye & Co., California Stage Co., and a Saddler are all in a small brick building opposite. This place presents quite a busy scene, especially of evenings. Everyone goes about mighty dirty."

"Nov. 10, '63

The place is still in the same dirty condition, of course. Everyone turns carpenter, and it is astonishing how quickly the buildings are being re-roofed."

"Nov. 11, '63

Mr. Goodman left this morning at 6 1/2 o'clock for Omega, which place was burned about the time he got here. It is about 16 miles from Nevada (City). Also a quartz mill which was insured by the Phoenix.

There is great talk about building a hotel on Main street on the opposite side from us just below us. War news from the East is encouraging."

"Nov. 13, '63

Took the clock down to the office this morning. Afterward took some shoes up to the house for Mrs. G. and Mrs. M. to try on. The insurance agents are all extremely busy about town. It has been found that there was $10,000 insurance on the National, which is full enough to repair it.

"Nov. 15, '63

This morning is extremely stormy, so I initiated my new "stompers."

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE MOUNTAIN HOME FIRE



They Also Served

While the fire that swept through 16,000 acres of Sierra and Yuba county forests never crossed the Yuba River into Nevada County, residents of this county played some important roles in fighting the conflagration.

There were those fire departments and individuals who joined forest rangers, servicemen and firemen on the fire lines, of course, and there were taxi drivers who ferried men to the scene of the conflagration. But there were also those women (and some men) who stayed behind and helped by preparing lunches for the men in the fire lines.

Virtually every restaurant in Grass Valley and Nevada City served as a production line for lunches and the Nevada City Council of Girl Scouts converted the Elks Hall into the largest lunch-packing plant of them all.

The above photo shows part of the Council's half-day production of nearly 3,000 meals. The lower picture shows, left to right, Helen Mann, Doris Bertram and Gayle Cooper preparing food at the Bret Harte Restaurant in Nevada City.

They also serve who only sit and pack lunches.



SHOCKING PICTURE OF ELECTRICIANS



TOO MANY COOKS



About 300 members of the Pacific Service Employes Association and their families attended a buck stew last Saturday night at the Elks Hall in Grass Valley. The PSEA is an organization of people working for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. In the above photo, Mr. and Mrs. George Cooper and their sons Ricki, Billy and Bobby have cleaned their plates of the stew and seem to be waiting for seconds Cooks shown in the photo at left, were (from left to right) Ted Ragon, Bob Hawkins, Hale Parker and Alex Scott.

Photos by Larry Farrell

--PIKE

(Continued from 1A)

School for a short period of years in the past century when the area had 15 children of high school age and scholastic inclination.

This town five miles west of Camptonville on the Pliocene Ridge didn't make much of an impression on history in its heyday. From now on it will make none at all.

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ST. AGNES GUILD HEARS DIOCESAN VICE PRESIDENT

Mrs. Robert Miller of Sacramento, diocesan vice president of the Episcopal Church women, was the guest speaker at last Thursday's meeting of the St. Agnes Guild of Trinity Episcopal Church.

The Guild met at 2:15 p.m. at the home of Mrs. F. R. Missner.

Mrs. Miller talked on program planning and showed religious books and literature available for guild program and study group use.

Mrs. Ted Aldous, Guild president, presided at the short business meeting that preceded Mrs. Miller's talk. Mrs. H.R. Ray, program chairman, introduced the speaker.

A tea followed the program with Mrs. Fred N. Tourtellotte and Mrs. Stone of Willow Valley Road acting as co-hostesses. Both women were observing birthdays that day.

St. Agnes Guild will have its next meeting December 3 at the home of Mrs. Robert Rector on Nevada Street. The Nevada Union High School Girl's Chorus will present a program of Christmas carols.

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